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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No 128.

Mr. Wanderer,

WITHOUT being an amateur in the fine arts, I am extremely fond of paintings, and delight to speculate on the mind of the individuál, as indicated by the portrait, after I have sufficiently contemplated the beauty or defects of the execution. This disposition to discover character from a delineation on canvass, is what I call natural physiognomy. But more certainly than other physiognomy this is essentially defective; since in addition to the errors of your judgment in the perception of character in the countenance, you have the frequent inaccuracy of the artist to obstruct your decisions. Notwithstanding this, however, the features of superior intelligence always strike my mind with peculiar satisfaction, and when combined with skill in the painting, affords me the most refined pleasure of which my taste is susceptible. Conversing the other day with my friend Eugenio, upon the subject, and dwelling with rapture on the effects of the pencil, in exciting my moral reflections, he conducted me to his house to view his "Gallery of Portraits."

Eugenio, without pretending to have acquired much taste, really has a great deal; and his knowledge upon every subject connected with literature and the fine arts, is various, acute, and discriminative; but he is more particularly valuable to me, for his readiness of communication. Knowledge in this respect very much resembles the specie in a country; hoarded up, it is of little value, produces no advantage, no great improvements; but generously spent by the holder among the mass of the community, it results in great national works, effecting benefits in proportion to its diffusion.

Eugenio, thus valuable to society from his stores of intellectual wealth, has a fortune equal to his knowledge, and a generosity exceeding his fortune. His house is the resort of taste and literature; and is as much the delight of the gay and fashionable, as Eugenio himself is of the polite scholar, the politician, and the man of science. As I am fortunate enough to have attracted some portion of his regard, we make free and unreserved communication of our sentiments and opinions on men and things; and the result of all our conversations on me, has been that of parting with him with regret, and reflecting on him with satisfaction.

His gallery of portraits, contains many works of Italian artists, but is

more valuable to me from the number of portraits of distinguished Americans, by which it is rendered very remarkable. His collection is probably the largest in the United States, and in conducting a stranger or a friend round the room, he gives the biography of each of the individuals represented, and the most prominent features of their character ; and he is guided in his opinions by his acquaintance with the life of the person, compared with the expression of his features and his discriminating knowledge of the painter's ability.

It was rather late in the afternoon, when I made the visit ; and I of course had little opportunity to spend much time in particular observations ; we past over the gallery rapidly without noticing in particular any one portrait. Eugenio talked of the colouring of Titian ; the truth of nature and unity of design in Raphael ; the softness of Corregio and mellowness of Claude Lorraine ; the rugged nature and boldness of expression in Salvator Rosa, the determined outline of Poussin, and the grace of Guido. Eugenio had travelled, and had observed with minute attention the most celebrated works of art ; and was abundantly capable of affording rational amusement and refined instruction by his conversation, to every one who had the inclination to enjoy it. His descriptions of the dying Gladiator, the writhing of Laocöon, the manly form and godlike expression of Apollo of Belvidere, and the feminine beauty and grace of the Venus de Medicis, were lively, accurate, and delightful. Every touch in the Venus was grace, and every curve beauty.

Thus would he wander from painting to sculpture, and from sculpture to painting. He had all the ardor of disposition, that could impart glow to the marble and inspiration to the canvass. He would attach himself to some bust of Tully, as the best relic of the Orator, and gaze with rapture till startled into tears by the deadness of the eyes, that reminded him, Cicero too was a corpse. He would weep at the reflection, how much more eloquent against Antony must have been his dead head upon the Rostrum, than his living Philippic. He would take his stand against some favourite portrait, and dilate with transport on the life it was copied from. These eyes lightened with intelligence, and these lips were vivid with genius. The passions played about this countenance, but like the Graces, were always in harmony. This frame was animated with a heart big enough to take in the immensity of suffering, and a hand, liberal enough to relieve it. Thus would Eugenio kindle into enthusiasm, till all around him took fire from the flash. And here would he add, is all that remains of what was excellent, and glowing, and kind, and tender ; of what was brilliant and joyous ; of what was gorgeous and grand. It is cold, and flat, and dead ; but bless the art, that can even thus faintly afford me a map of a buried world. You discern not on its face the veins of thought ; you see not traced to its source the stream of sentiment ; you find no mark for the depth of the channels of opinion ; but you have the outline of the country, and can form some general idea of its beauty fertility and glory.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE EMERALD.

TRAVELS OF ABDULRIZAK, FROM PERSIA TO INDIA.

THE travels of an ambassador from a Persian prince are in every view an object of curiosity. But since Persia has lately been drawn into the vortex of European politics; and since her literature has engaged the attention, and employed the talents of the most eminent scholars of the present age, the interest which is excited by the annunciation of a Persian work, translated into a modern language, is peculiarly attractive. Abdulrizak was an ambassador from Shah Rokh, one of the four sons of Timur (or Tamerlane) in the years of Christ 1442, 1443, to various Indian princes. And the account of his journey has been translated from a Persian Manuscript in the Bibliotheque National, by Monsieur Langlès; it has also been rendered from the French into the English language, from which we offer some selections for the amusement of our readers.

Abdulrizak travelled from Herat on the 1st of January, 1442, and taking the route of Kirman through Kouhistan, arrived at the capital of the former province on the 18th. On the 15th of February he arrived at the port of Hormuz, on the borders of the gulf of Persia, having passed some days of rest at Kirman. At Hormuz, which was the most important eastern commercial city, our traveller remained two months, when he set out in a vessel for Maskat, and from thence proceeded to Kuriat, on the sea coast, and arrived there May 12. The intensity of the heat detained him here four months, and then he departed for Kalikut, the capital of Malabar, where he landed after a passage of eighteen days.

"Abdulrizak beheld, on landing, a race of people so strange, that the most fanciful imagination could not conceive the like; he had never believed there existed in this world beings rather resembling devils than men. They were all black, and naked, or wore only, tied round their middle, a piece of linen decending to their knees. They held in one hand an Indian javelin, brilliant as a drop of water, and in the other a buckler made of the skin of oxen; the king and the meanest of his subjects observe the same simplicity of appearance. The Musulmans, however, are clothed in long dresses, after the Arabian fashion, and their manners are courteous and civil. As Abdulrizak appeared amongst them in quality of ambassador to the King of Kalikut, he was received at his landing both by Musulmans and Infidels, and conducted to a lodging provided for him by the Monarch, and three days afterwards he had an audience.

"Shah Rokh sent to the King of Kalikut a horse with his harnes, some delicious perfumes, and a cap of ceremony, because his ambassadors returning from Bengal with the ambassadors of this kingdom, had stopped at Kalikut; from which circumstance, the sovereign of this country had become acquainted with the power and magnificence of Shah Rokh.

"Abdulrizak was then conducted to an audience of the King of Kalikut, and he beheld a man naked, according to the Indian custom. He was called *Ka-Samory*, which signifies *Padishah*, in Persian, or King.

"When the King dies, he is succeeded by the son of his sister, and his throne is not possessed either by his sons, his brothers, or any other relation."

"When Abdulrizak went to receive audience, some Mahommedans of distinction, who sat near the ambassador, read and translated the letter of credence which Shah Rokh addressed to the King, and presented the harnessed horse, the pelisse, the cap of ceremony, and the gold-embroidered stuff. The Samory did not accept these presents with suitable acknowledgements, and the ambassador retired very much dissatisfied with his reception."

"Abdulrizak remained at Kalikut from the beginning of October (1442) till April 1443. This long stay occassioned him many troubles, and he suffered considerable distress. One night Shah Rokh appeared to him in a dream, moving along in all imperial pomp: the Prince, approaching his slave, laid his hand upon his face and said, "Be not disquieted." In the morning, having performed his devotions, he recollected his dream, and was filled with joy. Although he had not belief in dreams, he flattered himself with hopes that this might be ominous of good to him; and it so happened, that whilst he was relating what he had seen in his sleep to some friends, the news arrived that a messenger from the King of Bisnagor, one of the most powerful sovereigns of India, had brought a letter to the King of Kalikut, by which he begged that the ambassador of Shah Rokh might be sent immediately to his court. Although the King of Kalikut is, in fact, not dependant on the King of Bisnagor, yet he dreads him as possessing power infinitely superior. Abdulrizak, therefore, was permitted to set out for Bisnagor."

"Abdulrizak having embarked at Kalikut, passed by Bendaneh, a a port situated at the entrance into Malabar, and arrived at Menelgur, the first maritime place belonging to the King of Bisnagor. There he remained two or three days. As he thence proceeded by land, he perceived at the distance of three farsangs (about twelve miles) from Menelgur, an idol temple, such as no other region of the world exhibits. It is an equilateral square, of about ten cubits each side, and five in height, worked in porcelain and cast metal. There are four ledges, or sofas, on which is placed an idol of the human figure and size, made of solid gold, with eyes formed of two rubies, so admirably contrived that the image appears to look at, and to see objects.

"Continuing his journey, he passed, every second day, through a large town well inhabited, until he came to a mountain, the foot of which would cast a shade on the disk of the sun. The lower part of this mountain was so thickly planted with great trees, and thorny bushes so considerable, that the obscurity they caused could not be illuminated by the brightest sunbeams. Having passed this forest, Abdulrizak arrived at a place called Beglour, the houses of which resembled palaces, and the lovely females were like the Houris of Paradise. Amongst the public buildings, there is an idol-temple, so lofty that it is seen at a distance of many farsangs.

"Of this temple it is not possible to give an exact or adequate description. However, a few words must be said on the subject. There is in the midst of the village an even spot, of about ten jeribs, like the delightful garden of Irem, covered with the most fragrant roses, and a thousand other flowers, and surrounded with an enclosure of

stone. In the center of this space is a raised terrace, about the height of a man, and faced with stones so admirably joined together, that they seem to form but one solid mass. In the middle of this terrace is a magnificent dome of blue stones, highly polished, and so lofty as to reach the stars. The dome is adorned with three rows of pictures, and the whole edifice, from the base to the summit, is filled with basreliefs and idols. The temple itself is thirty cubits in length, twenty in breadth, and about fifty in height. Besides this, which is the principal, there are many lesser temples of different sizes, painted and filled with images. Every morning and evening superstitious ceremonies are performed in these places, followed by games, concerts of musical instruments, dances, singing, and various sports; and the inhabitants of the village support themselves on the presents which are brought by the people of the most distant towns, as gifts on the accomplishing of those vows which they had made.

"After remaining two or three days in this place, Abdulrizak continued his journey, and arrived at the city of Bisnagor the last day of the month Zol Hadjah (April 30, 1443). The King had sent persons to meet him, and he was conducted to a vey agreeable and commodious dwelling.

"Abdulrizak found the city of Bisnagor to be a place of considerable extent, well built, and containing a numerous population. It is the capital of a great kingdom, extending from the island of Ceylon as far as Kalberkah, and from Benal to the coast of Malabar, a space of above a thousand farsangs. All the country is very thickly inhabited, and it is reckoned to comprize six hundred good harbours. The King possesses above a thousand immense elephants, equal in strength to giants, and in size to mountains. He has also eleven hundred thousand soldiers. He is the most powerful sovereign in Hindoostan. The title of Rai (or Rajah) signifies, among the Indians, a King, as Padishah, in Persian. The Brahmins, however, are above him in every thing; and one may judge of Kings and Brahmins by the stories in that book entitled, "Koleilah Dimnah," and which has been translated into Persian. We find in that work a conversation between a Brahmin and a King; and the Brahmins of this time preserve the same character and principles as those of former ages."

VOLTAIRE.

Letter from Samuel Sharp, Esq. a gentleman, on his travels in 1766, to his friend in England.

"I must confess to you, that I have yet seen nothing which has afforded me so much pleasure as that extraordinary genius Mons. Voltaire. My principal motive for passing the Alps, by the way of Geneva, was a visit to that gentleman. I knew him in the days of my youth, and had the honour to be sometimes his conductor when he was in London. I also saw him at Paris in 1749, and now that he is become the topic of conversation in almost every village in Europe, I could not think of going to Italy without granting myself the indulgence of seeing him once more. He lives about four miles from Geneva, in a most splendid and hospitable manner, keeping an open table, to which strangers of every nation find an easy introduction. Contiguous to his house is a

small theatre, which holds about fifty people, but, when enlarged, will contain two hundred; the carpenters were beginning the alteration the day I dined with him. Madamoiselle Clairon, who has quitted the stage, was on a visit there, and had exhibited that week in two characters of his own writing. I unfortunately arrived at Geneva the night after she had performed for the last time. I had often seen her in 1749; but I found, by Voltaire, that, excellent as she was in those days, she had improved in the last sixteen years beyond all imagination. I cannot give you an idea of the ecstacies he was in, for several hours together, acting and repeating a hundred passages where she had been particularly happy in her expression. His eyes have such a brilliancy in those moments, that you forget he is above seventy-two. He had that morning written an epistle to Mad. Clairon, in verse, which he read to the company from the foul copy: There were some erasements in it, but not many. To perform a play, he is obliged to seize the opportunity, when any strolling comedians come into the neighbourhood of Geneva; with some of these, and a niece who lives with him, he then entertains himself and friends; but the visit of Mad. Clairon had given a perfection to this last spectacle which he had never hoped for.

I wish, for the honour of my country, it were possible that a Frenchman could taste the language of Shakespeare; I am persuaded could Voltaire feel the energy of our poet's descriptions, he would talk no more of his barbarisms and his *some* beauties. He who has so great a share of merit himself, would gladly pay the tribute due to the shrine of Shakespeare, and, possibly, grieve to have attempted those translations which he has presented to his countrymen as a specimen of Shakespeare's manner of writing. It is true he apologises for the faintness of the execution, but still, had he felt the excessive inferiority of his imitations; had he known so well as an Englishman does, that they have not the least resemblance of the strength, spirit, and imagination of the original, he certainly would never have hazarded the publication. I remember to have heard him say, about the year 1726, that before he learnt English, he had read the Spectators in French, and often wondered that such dull writings should please a polite nation; "but now, said he, that I have acquired the tongue, I wipe my b——h with Plutarch."—The phrase was too remarkable, and made too strong an impression on the ears of a young man, to be ever forgotten.

This story I would apply to Voltaire himself, and every Frenchman who learns English after he is twenty-five years of age. Though they may be sufficiently instructed to relish the good sense, and, possibly, the wit and humour of our Spectators in prose, the powers of Shakespeare in measure will always remain unfelt. They may understand the construction, as a school boy reads Virgil, but they never will catch the fire. If Voltaire found so much difference betwixt the original and translation of the Spectators, I do not doubt, but with a thorough knowledge of English, he would find as much, or more, betwixt the Shakespeare he now reads, and the Shakespeare he would then feel. I am, Sir, &c."

As a complete proof of the minute and slender criticism of Vol-

taire, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, we will mention only one opinion which he made use of relating to the play of Hamlet. It is his remark on the well known expression of the prince, "How now, a rat; dead, for a ducat dead!" He said, that this circumstance was perfectly ridiculous, and evidenced a paucity of invention in Shakespeare; that his hero should kill *Polonius* under the impression of his being a *rat* behind the hangings. It is well understood to be only an ebullition of his feigned madness.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

CORYATE.

Thomas Coryate the traveller was much offended with his friend Thomas Taylor the *water poet*, so called from the circumstance of uniting the occupation of a Thames water-man with that of a verse-maker, for having written a book, entitled "Laugh and be Fat." This book, on complaint being made to James I. was ordered to be burnt. Coryate followed up his complaint with fresh charges, against Taylor, on which James was pleased to tell him, that when his privy council had leisure and nothing better to do they should hear and determine the difference between *Mr. Coryate the scholar and Thomas Taylor the sculler*. This pun of the king's was probably taken from the following lines of Taylor's, wherein he expresses a very good opinion of his own abilities.

"If any where my lines do fall out lame,
I made them so in merriment and game;
For, be they wide or side, or long, or short,
Ali's one to me, I writ them but in sport;
Yet I would have the reader thus much know,
That when I list my simple skill to shew;
In poesy I can both read and spell;
I know my dactyls, and my spondees well;
My true proportion and my equal measure,
What accents must be short, and what at leisure;
How to transpose my words from place to place,
To give my poesy the better grace;
Either in pastoral or comic strain,
Either in Greek or any other vein,
In nipping satires or in epigrams;
In odes, in elegies, or anagrams;
In ear-bewitching rare Hexameters,
Or in Iambic or Pentameters;
I know these like a *sculler*, not a scholar,
And therefore reader pray assuage your choler.

THE CURATE.

The hard lot of the poor Curate in Great Britain has often been the theme of commiseration. The life he is obliged to lead, subject to the insults, taunts and disregard of "filthy dungeon villains," grave fed knaves, was well depicted by Mr. E. Lloyd, in a poem entitled "The Curate," published in 1766. The following extracts will afford some example of his manner of treating the subject.

'Mong all the wretches found on *Proxy's* list,
That crawl 'twixt heav'n and earth, and scarce subsist;
'Mong all the lots to which the poor is heir,
The hardest portion is the *Curate's* share.
Turn where you will, you'll find on ev'ry side
The Curate slighted by the tradesmen's pride,
As if they paid their tythes and Easter-dues,
Only to qualify them to abuse—
Few are th' exceptions of another stamp,
From the Lord-May'r to *Tom* that lights his lamp.
Wash'd from all dulness in the sacred well,
'Beside whose stream the muses love to dwell,

Baptiz'd a classic, taught each lib'ral art,
That mends the head, or meliorates the heart,
Howe'er despis'd the Curate, for his purse,
Religion bred him, Science was his nurse;
Pent in his study, converse he may hold
Above the reach of Nabobs and their gold.
With spirit thus dilated, how it galls
To hear how pert the *Undertaker* calls!
Loud his complaint that he is made to wait
Five minutes hearse and coaches, at the gate,
By *thread-bare* fellows—He, forsooth, would have
Curates, like *yew trees* growing to the grave.
"My breath and blood,"—it is too much to bear
The vile mechanic's domineering air.
Note him—he traffics in his brethren's dust,
If his *good neighbours* will not die—*he* must—
Broker to *death*, and *taylor* to the *dead*,
To dress the *body*, when the *soul* is fled—
Yet are this reptile's taunts so rude, so loud,
You'd swear he *sold the curate* with the *shroud*.
Hence to thy shop, prepare the worm his feast,
Nor dare profane the office of the priest.
Heart-galling treatment! yet this is not all,
Not half the wrongs that to the Curate fall;
Others as sorely hurt his lib'ral soul,
Whose honest pride ill brooks usurp'd controul.
The wardens, lo! uncivil and unbred!
Unlick'd, untaught, un-all things but untied!
When *Sunday* comes, these boors would fain be beaux,
But can't put on good manners with good clothes.
The vulgar manner, and the warehouse phrase,
Sticks to their tongue in whatsoe'er it says;
And when they don the *Sunday* suit of lace,
They doff the shopman's *epileptic face*;
The greasy night-cap's thrown aside, and now
They buckle up the supercilious brow,
Heap on their leaden pate Sir *Cloudesley's* wig,
With all the little arts of looking big;
Grow rude to those to whom six days they bow'd,
If they can't be polite, they will be proud;
Will treat all curates with contemptuous air,
'Although the livery of *Christ* they wear;
'*Servant of Christ!*—and what is that to me?
'I keep a servant too, as well as he.'

TAYLOR THE WATER POET.

This eccentric man was a native of Gloucestershire. When he relinquished the oar, he kept a public house in Phœnix-alley, Long Acre, where, after the execution of Charles the First, he set up the sign of the mourning crown. This however he was speedily obliged to remove, and he then exhibited his own portrait, garnished with the following couplet.

"There's many a king's head hang'd up for a sign,
And many a saint's head too, then why not mine?"

EPIGRAM,

TO A LADY WHO PAID A PENNY FOR MY THOUGHT.

A penny! is it for a thought
Of mine, dear L——, if so you've bought
The trifle much too high.
Howe'er you pay with so much grace,
You've left another in its place,
The *world's* too poor to buy.

ALPHONSO, KING OF ARRAGON.

It was a saying of Alphonso, surnamed the Wise, King of Arragon; that among so many things as are possessed by men, or sought after during the course of their lives, all the rest are baubles, except, *old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.*

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

False importance in behaviour is like the false sublime in oratory. Where merit is wanting, what little arts are used to captivate esteem! Thus, one who was a great dealer in secrets, used to whisper the time of the day.

The clown, in *Shakespear's Twelfth night*, says, he is the worse for his friends, because they praise him and make an ass of him; but his foes tell him plainly he is an ass.

So that by his foes he profits in the knowledge of himself, and by his friends he is abused.

Modesty improves the beauty of the face, while it discovers that of the mind.

A person who wishes to receive instruction by reading, ought to make it an inviolable rule to understand all he reads.

INTELLIGENCE.

FORLIGN.

Mr. Taunton, among some observations on the utility of dispensaries, states this interesting fact, that in three institutions of that description in London, upwards of nine thousand diseased poor are annually admitted and attended (those persons being visited at their own houses, who are too ill to go to the charity) for the annual sum of two thousand pounds, a sum not more than adequate to the maintenance of four hundred and seventy in an hospital.

M. Marcel, director of the imperial printing press at Paris, when he accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, took a *fac simile* of the curious inscription of Rosetta, which has lately been engraved and published.

Experiments lately made at Venice ew, that the oil of the Chinese raddish asphanus sinensis) is preferable to any her kind known, not only for culinary rposes, and giving light, but also in dicine. From the experiments lately de by Dr. Francis de Oliviero, it is exmely useful in rheumatic and pulmona affections, and has been employed with ch success to convulsive coughs. It is liable to spoil by keeping, like other . The plant is not injured by the ngest frosts. In May and June the is gathered, which is very abundant.

The light of the Pyrosoma Atlanticum not been described by naturalists. M. on, in his late voyage, observed this mal in between the 3d and 4th degrees N. latitude. Its luminous property ren it one of the most splendid of all wn zoophites. The darkness was in e when it was first discovered, the d blew with violence, and the progress he vessel was rapid. All at once there appeared, at some distance, a vast sheet of phosphorus floating upon the waves before the vessel. The ship having passed through this brilliant part, the crew discovered that the light was occasioned by an immense number of small animals, which swam at different depths, and assumed various forms. Those which were deepest looked like red-hot shot, and those on the surface resembled tubes of red-hot iron. Some were soon caught, and they were found to vary in size from three to seven inches. All the exterior surface was bristled with thick oblong tubercles, shining like so many diamonds, and these seemed to be the principal seat of phosphorescence. In the inside there appeared a multitude of oblong narrow glands, which possessed the phosphoric property in a high degree. The colour, when at rest, is an opal yellow mixed with green; but on the slightest motion, or spontaneous contraction, the animal instantly becomes luminous. As it loses its phosphorescence, it passes successively through a number of tints, such as red, orange, green, and azure blue.

The experiments of Mr. Davy on the alkalies have been repeated before the Askesian and Mineralogical Societies, by Mr. Pepys, with a very large galvanic apparatus, consisting of one hundred and twenty pairs of plates of 36 inches surface each, containing nearly seven hundred weight of copper and zinc. The solid caustic pot-ash was used, slightly moistened by the breath. The metalloid obtained was highly inflammable, swam in rectified naptha, but was with difficulty separated from the pot-ash, in which it is plentifully imbedded, after being exposed to the galvanic action. Water being dropped upon it, the particles explode similarly to grains of gunpowder thrown into the fire. The metalloid obtained from soda is not so highly inflammable, and can therefore be collected more easily. A globule about the size of a small tare being thrown on paper moistened, instantly became apparently red-hot, and running off the surface of the water, fell luminously through the air. Mr. Allen has also repeated the experiments of Mr. Davy, and obtained both the metalloids by four troughs of fifty pairs, each of ten inches surface.

The following directions are given in the foreign journals, for preparing a composition for resisting the action of fire,

and water. Take half a pint of milk, and mix with it an equal quantity of vinegar, so as to coagulate the milk. Separate the curds from the whey, and mix the latter with the whites of four or five eggs, after having beat them well up. The mixture of these two substances being complete, add quick-lime to them which has passed through a seive and make the whole into a thick paste of the consistency of putty. If this mastic is carefully applied to broken bodies or to fissures of any kind, and dried properly afterwards, it resists water and fire.

A beautiful specimen of virgin gold was lately found in a tin stream-work in the county of Cornwall. It is about the length and thickness of a lady's little finger, though not regularly formed, and weighs above two ounces. Its intrinsic value is equal to nine guineas; but, as a specimen, it is invaluable; for though gold has been frequently found in our stream-works, and that in larger quantities perhaps than is generally known, this is unquestionably the largest and most beautiful specimen ever found in Cornwall.

Dr. Zouch, prebendary of Durham, published in the month of June last Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney, in a quarto volume.

DOMESTIC

I. Riley, New York, has in press and will shortly publish the following Law Books: Bradby on Distresses; Comyn on Contracts, and Annesley on Insurance.

We learn with pleasure, that Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia, are preparing to give the public an American edition of a very valuable work now publishing in London, edited by William Nicholson, author and proprietor of the Philosophical Journal, and various other chymical, philosophical, and mathematical works. It is entitled, the British Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, comprising an accurate view of the present improved state of human knowledge. It is to be appropriated exclusively to the Arts and Sciences, and will be comprised in six large octavo volumes, embellished with two hundred elegant engravings.

POETRY.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MARMION; A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

The fifth Canto, entitled the Court, opens with an account of the various clans that composed the Scottish army, to which Marmion had directed his steps. Having passed the camp Marmion is conducted to the palace of Holyrood, where king James was that night giving an entertainment to his nobles, previous to his departure against England. He is introduced to the king, whose character copied from the historical records is thus happily pictured:

"The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance.
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue!—
Suit lightly won, a short-lived pain!
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joyed in banquet-bower;
But mid his mirth 'twas often strange
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His looks o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance-
In memory of his father slain.

Even so 'twas strange how evermore
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed with double glee
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim seen object of affright
Starts the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside
But feels the quickening spur applied
And straining on the tightened rein
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife had sway.
To Scotland's court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored
And with the King to make accord

Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own ;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,
And charg'd him as her knight and love
For her to break a lance ;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on English land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
nd thus for France's Queen he drest
is manly limbs in mailed vest ;
nd thus admitted English fair,
is inmost counsels still to share ;
nd thus for both he madly planned
he ruin of himself and land !
And yet the sooth to tell,
or England's fair nor France's Queen,
ere worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
is own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's bower
l lonely sat and wept the weary hour."

The sixth Canto is entitled the Battle ; which the earl of Angus is represented having conceived a prejudice against armion, although his palace had been igned for his residence by king James hen Marmion and Angus part, the fol wing scene took place.

The train from out the castle drew,
t Marmion stopp d to bid adieu ;
'Though something I might plain,' he said
f cold respect to stranger guest,
t hither by your King's behest
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
t we in friendship from your land,
l, noble Earl, receive my hand.'—
Douglas round him drew his cloke,
ded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
y manors, halls, and bowers shall still
open, at my sovereign's will,
each one whom he lists, howe'er
meet to be the owner's p er.
castles are my King's alone
m turret to foundation-stone—
e hand of Douglas is his own ;
d never shall it friendly grasp :
e hand of such as Marmion clasp.'

ned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
d shook his very frame for ire,
nd—'This to me !' he said,—
d 'twere no' for thy hoary beard,
h hand as Marmion's had not spared
o cleave the Douglas' head !
And first I tell thee haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate ;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword)
I tell thee thou'rt defied !
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland and Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus thou hast lied !'
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age :
Fierce he broke forth : 'And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall ?
And hop'st thou then unscathed to go ;
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho !
Let the portcullis fall.'
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need !
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the arch way sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung ;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

Proceeding on towards the Tweed, after this escape, he discovers the hostile armies opposite to each other. Marmion joins the English, in which he has an important post assigned him by the Earl of Surrey. The fate of battle wavers in the part where Marmion fights, and he is soon fatally wounded.

"His hand still strained the broken brand ;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand,
Dragged from among the horses' feet
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion !
Young Blount his armour did unlace
And gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—'By Saint George he's gone !
That spear wound has our master sped ;
And see the deep cut on his head !
Good night to Marmion'
'Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease ;
He opes his eye' said Eustace, peace !'
When doffed his casque he felt free air
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :
'Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?

Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon, charge again!
Cry—Marmion to the rescue!—Vain!
Last of my race on battle-plain,
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Must I bid twice? hence, valets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die!—
They parted and alone he lay,
Clare drew her from the sight away;
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan
And half he murmured—'is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring
To slake my dying thirst!'
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the baron's casque the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears,
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She filled the helm and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head,
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave,
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
Then, as remembrance rose—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!'
'Alas!' she said, 'the while—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for constance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Isle.'
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents from his wounded side.
'Then it was truth!' he said—'I knew
That the dark presage must be true,
I would the fiend to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on your base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then fainting down on earth he sunk
Supported by the trembling monk.
With fruitless labour Clara bound
And strove to staunch the gushing wound;
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers;
Ever he said that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle, with groans of the dying,
So the notes rung;
'Avoid thee fiend! with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen
But never aught like this.'—
The war that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And Stanley! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade
And shouted—'Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge!—On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion."

SONNET

ON THE COMPATIBILITY OF LOVE AND WISDOM.

To sensual fools, think not almighty Love
Bestows the relish of his heavenly joys!
No, his high gifts, unconscious of alloys,
The reach of little minds is far above,
And only noble souls can his enjoyments prove;
Such dignify their playfulness and toys,
Such know the spring of vast delights to move,
For Knowledge in her train the Graces best employs.
With tenderness Minerva's heart to inspire,
Reason to bind in chains of choicest flowers,
To give to Virtue pleasure's keenest fire;
To bid bright Genius lead the polish'd hours,
Is all immortal Wisdom can desire;
And these are best attain'd by Love's delicious powers.

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